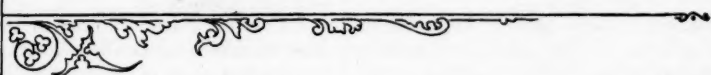




# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### ONLY A DOG: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By HERBERT PRESKIN.

PART I.



YOU see, boys, though Jock is only a little dog, still he is the undoubted cause of my ever having got hold of this yarn, if, indeed, he may not fairly lay claim to being its hero.

So you will just have to put up quietly with a few words about him, without which I don't really see how you can ever get the proper hang of the story.

Jock is a stumpy-legged, rough, gray Scotch terrier; his leading characteristics are faithfulness, crabbedness, and cheek (spelt with a big capital C). He has taken complete charge of me for some time past during my rather erratic wanderings, and even old Chieftain, my staunch old gray nag, has long since yielded submission to him.

Under no circumstances will he admit of any advances of a friendly nature from any one but myself and perhaps my wife, whom, considering she reared him by hand, he gravely tolerates, provided she doesn't want to wash him, a proceeding which he indignantly resents. All blandishments, such as calling him a nice wee doggie, with offers of caressing pats, he nips in the bud with such unmistakable flashes of white grinders and snarls as to convince the most sceptical that he is not built that way—in fact, is not a dog of that sort.

I was gradually making my way home by easy stages from nowhere in particular, when I came to the branch roads, and hadn't the least idea of taking the right-hand one through Simpson's Flat. No! I rather fancied the other by the lower crossing of Oakey Creek. There's a big water-hole at the rocks just below the crossing, where, two seasons ago, I caught a thirty-pound cod. I always carry a hook and line in my swag, and if I could get two or three fat grubs, or a frog, for bait, I could spare an hour or so to have a try for another. But Jock settled the matter off-hand by flicking away down the Simpson's Flat

track at a smart trot, and old Chieftain, as usual, followed his lead.

Well, it didn't matter much, for, though I had been about these regions two or three times, I had never gone to the Flat, so I might as well have a look at it. But if I had no idea of going through Simpson's, I had much less of stopping there for the night. The sun was still two hours high, and I meant to go on to the accommodation shanty at the Oakey Creek upper crossing. Mr Jock had other views, and just as we came in sight of the camp on the Flat he began to exhibit most ridiculously overdone symptoms of fatigue, lying down and panting, holding up first one paw and then the other, licking them with a desolated, broken-hearted expression of face to show me how sore they were, then hobbling along on three legs, &c., being all part of a pantomime with which I was quite familiar whenever my gentleman thought he had come across a snug camp for the night.

Something in the look of the place, however, attracted me; it seemed so easy and prosperous. I might just as well stop there after all; it wouldn't make much odds; though I knew well that, as far as my poor suffering dog was concerned, once he saw the saddle off old Chieftain's back all signs of footsoreness, weariness, &c. would disappear as if by magic, and he would be actively promoting a good, free, go-as-you-please, all-round dog ruction—a pig hunt down the creek, or some other light and refreshing kind of entertainment.

Simpson's is as pretty, cheerful-looking a place as ever you saw—quite a model place. The Flat itself, just a little tributary of the Oakey's, is not more than three miles long from its junction to where it branches off in little gullies up into the range, which here comes down in rounded, sheltering ridges, shutting in the Flat on both sides and sending off gentle swelling spurs here and there to

the creek. All this was covered with the most brilliant vegetation. Such grass on the Flat, so green and lush and juicy! Along the creek, with its rippling stream (never dry, they say), the old paddocks on the banks and creek workings, the mounds of headings and tailings, were all covered with rich greenery—pumpkins, melons, vines, and wild cucumbers running riot over them, and here and there flashing up their rich yellow blossoms. Where the creek makes pools in the old workings there were flocks of geese and ducks paddling and quacking away in the water.

Some sleek old milkers standing in the water were lazily picking off here and there a juicy morsel from the banks. Well, it's getting on for milking-time, but they haven't heard the children yet coming home across the ridge from school, who will drive them on their way, and with merry shouts and laughter give them a race home. Even the tinkling of horse-bells down the Flat helps to make as pretty and peaceful a scene as ever I met with in my many wanderings. From where I stopped old Chieftain to have a quiet look at the scene, you can see the whole of what they call the lower camp. Across the creek some little way ahead were a few buildings pretty close together—one the public-house with some out-buildings, the other the store no doubt. Then along the creek were just ten others—four on the store side of the creek and six on this. Then in between were plots of cultivation ground with such rich crops of big green maize rustling its shining leaves and flaunting its silver tassel banners, of green lucerne and potatoes, of pumpkins and melons.

'There's no mistake about it,' I said to myself as I rode up the creek-bank; 'Simpson's knows how to take care of itself.'

But what about population? Once or twice I had heard the flutter of a petticoat round the homesteads, but never a sight of a man or even of a good-sized boy.

I crossed the creek, splashing through the shallow stream, and drew up in front of 'The Simpson's Flat Hotel,' a tiny little bush public-house, but, like all the rest of the Flat, a picture of tidiness and comfort, with such a garden at the back, all glowing with roses and bright homely flowers and fruit. I was received by the landlady, a smart, bright-faced woman. 'Could I stop there for the night?' 'Certainly. Would I come in? There was a neat little parlour, with a couple of tidy bedrooms leading off from it—which would I like? Some supper or dinner? Well, in an hour's time she would have something ready for me.' Then at last in came her boy Tommy, the first male so far on the Flat. 'Tommy had been kept from school; he had hurt his foot. He would give Chieftain a feed of corn, and then put him into the old cultivation paddock—any amount of feed there. Her husband and elder sons were away. Oh

no, not far; only up the Flat fossicking in the gullies.'

True to his old tricks, no sooner was Chieftain unsaddled than Jock discarded all signs of weariness, and gave chase in great form to a couple of young pigs, during which he unfortunately ran against the hotel dog and a black-and-white friend from the store who had just dropped across to hear the news. They made it very lively for poor Jock, and rolled him over in the dust, from which he escaped very dirty, panting, and highly indignant.

After a bit I strolled over to the little store. Mrs Storekeeper, another hearty, jolly little woman, was there to serve me with some tobacco and matches, and ready for a little chat. 'Yes; she had been there nearly all her life.' 'Dull?' 'No; she didn't find the Flat dull.' 'Her children?' 'Oh, the younger ones hadn't come from school yet. The children from the Flat go to the half-time school at the upper crossing, about three miles distant. They should be showing up by this time. Her eldest daughter was over at the head station.' 'Whose station?' 'Why, Mr Drummond's, of course. Mr Storekeeper and her son were just up the Flat fossicking in the gullies.'

Then I found out from her that all the male population of Simpson's were just up the Flat fossicking in the gullies. 'There are sixteen homesteads at Simpson's altogether, besides the hotel and store—ten on the lower and six on the upper camp; all married people with families, except at this camp nearest here—that belongs to Jim Morris. His wife lives with and attends on Mrs Barton, Mr Drummond's favourite niece, a young widow; but Jim is a tenant all the same.'

So I learnt from Mrs Storekeeper that all the land here for miles round was Mr Drummond's freehold property, and all the settlers on the Flat his tenants. He would issue no private mining rights except on terms that involved taking up and cultivating a certain portion of land, building substantial cottages, and a lot of other conditions, on top of which was a nominally enormous fee for the mining right, a fee which he remitted to his settlers. By this means he had kept away a crowd from ever rushing the ground. The settlers must be married men; many of them were shearers, and in the season worked at Mr Drummond's shed and at a neighbouring squatter's. As the young folk grew up and married, other homesteads would go up; there was room for a good few yet at Simpson's. There is generally, even in such a small community as Simpson's, some element of discontent, some discord in the general harmony. I could detect none here. Mr Drummond appeared to be respected—I may say loved—by all hands, and his wise regulations cheerfully observed. It seemed a regular happy valley. The Jim Morris mentioned before was the only man without a

family here; but though he was quite a privileged person with Mr Drummond, he had built and cultivated a garden like the others.

'Talking of Jim,' said Mrs Storekeeper, 'I can see him coming down the Flat now.'

I looked up, and saw some one walking along the creek-bank.

'You may notice,' she added, 'that he is a bit lame. He had one foot badly injured some years ago, and I believe there is a terrible story connected with the accident. He will be here directly, and can tell you more about the Flat than anybody.'

So I sat down under the little veranda, filled my pipe, and pulling out my pocket-book, jotted down a few notes about the day's journey, &c., to which you are indebted for the flourishing account I have just given you of Simpson's Flat.

While thus engaged I heard the sound of voices, and a man passed through the store. He looked at me as if to speak, but seeing I was engaged writing, went to the end of the veranda and sat down. I glanced at him, and saw a smart, active man, say a trifle the wrong side of forty, with a hearty bronzed face, lit up by a pair of good, honest blue eyes.

'So you're Jim Morris, eh?' I said to myself. 'Well, just hold hard till I finish this note, and I'll tackle you, my lad.'

But that note was never finished, for something happened. Now, what happened may seem a very trifling thing to you, but as for me, if an earthquake had swallowed up the half of Simpson's I might have been more frightened but not more astonished. At the first sound of a man's step coming through the store Jock jumped upon the bench beside me with symptoms of the acutest hostility, as usual; but no sooner had Jim passed along the veranda and Jock had caught his wind than he jumped down, stood sniffing for a minute with a kind of puzzled look, then crept cautiously up to the stranger, and after smelling round his feet and legs, drew back, had another good, steady look at him, began to wag his tail, came closer, put his paws up on the man's knees, and licked his hand. Down dropped note-book and pencil.

'Well, I am blessed if'—

I hadn't time to finish the sentence before Jock was upon the chap's lap trying to lick his face—I couldn't stand that.

'Look here, mate,' I cried out; 'I don't know whether you put any particular value on a dog's good opinion, but if you do you ought to feel just the proudest man this day in Australia. Never since Jock's eyes were opened has he ever let a stranger lay a hand on him; and as to licking his face, why, the idea— Well, I'm too demoralised to talk about it.'

Jim's hand was resting gently on Jock's head.

'Is that so, little doggie?' he said. 'Well,

you've got a wise wee face of your own. Is his name really Jock?'

'It is,' I replied, 'and I believe this dashed place is enchanted or that dog is bewitched.'

Jim lifted Jock down, stood up, and came towards me.

'You asked me, boss, just now, if I valued a dog's good opinion. Well, if I didn't, and more particularly when that dog's name is Jock, I should be the most ungrateful man alive in the colony. For if it had not been for the good opinion a dog, and a dog called Jock, too, had of me, I shouldn't be alive here to-day, but have been foully, treacherously murdered years ago. Ay, murdered; not put out of my agony swiftly in one act, like, but left to a slow, awful, lingering death that I shudder even now to think of, and don't care to dream about at nights.'

For the life of me I couldn't help glancing at his left foot, which I could see had been badly injured and was crushed out of shape.

'Had that anything to do with the accident to'— I stopped.

'To my foot, you mean,' he said, with a laugh. 'Who told you about that?'

I just nodded towards the store.

'Oh, I see—Mrs Storekeeper, eh? Well, I hope she hasn't been giving me a bad name.'

'Jim Morris—that's just all the name she gave you.'

He laughed. 'Well, yes, it had all to do with my lame foot. Poor old Jock saved my life, but he wasn't in time to prevent that.'

'Now look here, Jim Morris, I'm not in the least bit inquisitive—in fact, rather— Well, see here, the long and short of it is I want most particularly to hear all about that business; and seeing that my little Jock has brought us together in such a queer fashion, if there's nothing private or likely to hurt your feelings, I really think you might spin me the yarn.'

'And so I will and welcome, boss; but it's close on tea-time now.'

'See here, the landlady promised to get me something for tea or dinner; it should be ready soon now. Come and have a snack with me, and then after tea, with a pipe and a glass of grog, we can deal with the story. I can't vouch for the grub, you know, but such as it is'—

'But I can vouch for it, and beforehand, too,' said Jim, 'and guarantee Mrs Jones won't starve you. All right, I'm agreeable. I'll just take a run over to my camp for a bit of a clean-up, and be down at the hotel in a minute or two.'

I watched the dog carefully as my new acquaintance turned away. Jock never offered to follow him, but jogged along with me back to the hotel the same as usual; but when, a short time after, Jim came in, looking after his clean-up just what he was—a most respectable and superior man—Jock greeted him in the most lavish manner. Jim was

right, too, about the tucker, for a better dinner—a dinner, mind you, not a feed—I never sat down to in the bush. Dinner over, our pipes loaded, and Jock fixed up on a chair between us, Jim cleared for action and started his story somewhat in the following fashion:

‘Well, to begin with, boss, I was reared on the Mudgee side, where father had a bit of a farm near to Mr Oxley’s head station. Every one knows Mr Oxley, the great squatter that was—he’s dead now. He married Mr Drummond’s (our boss here) sister; and my wife—I’ve been married this fourteen year: she was reared on the Oxley estate—is now living with and looking after Mrs Barton, their daughter and a young widow. Poor soul! That’s why, when I come down here to do a bit of fossicking—and very good fossicking it is, too—they call me the grass widower. I was about sixteen when the goldfields broke out in Australia up our way at Summerhill Creek; then came the “Meroo,” the “Ophir,” the “Turon,” &c.—you know the old story—and I took to the diggings from the start. Like many other youngsters, I had great luck at first, which made a confirmed digger of me. Well, I went first to one rush and then to another for the next year or two, never very far from home, giving them a look in now and then, till father met with a bad accident, and I had to come home to look after the old place. It was a good twelve months before I was able to get back to the pick and shovel.

‘It wasn’t time wasted, for it was then I got hold of my old dog Jock, and had to train him. Young Mr Oxley had been back from the old country about twelve months when I got home; he’d been away at college there, and then he had travelled about a lot, for he was a great sportsman. He brought a lot of dogs out with him. One of them was a great, rough, wiry dog, called a wolfhound, pretty smart, and very strong and savage, but not quite fast enough for kangaroo in the open. Father had a fine cattle or sheep slut of some English breed—a long-haired, shaggy kind, much bigger than a collie and wonderfully clever. Old Jess could do almost anything short of talking. These two were Jock’s father and mother. The knowing ones said the cross would

be mongrels, not fit for anything, but the young boss he had more sense.

“I’ve seen cross-bred dogs,” he said, “smarter in all ways than many pure-bred ones.”

‘So he kept two dog pups; he called them Roy and Jock. Father was to have one; so when I got home we drew lots, and Jock fell to me; and a lucky draw it was, too, for me. They were about eight months old, and young Mr Oxley had started already to train them. He had brought home some new way of training to the sound of a loud metal whistle, one of which he gave me. It ought to have been a horn by rights, he said. Some foreign huntsman, in Germany, I think, had taught him. Everything was done to certain calls on the whistle, and we taught those pups all kinds of tricks, for they trained wonderfully easy. By the time I left home again there wasn’t two finer dogs to be found anywhere; they were even then quite as big as the wolfhound, but stronger; savage too, but wiser-like, taking after the old slut. I spent another few months after leaving home round the “Louisa” and the “Turon,” and then made tracks for the Victorian side. I fetched up in the Ovens district; this was, I think, in the beginning of 1857, when I was about twenty-two years old. I had rattling good luck at first all round that quarter. Now, I dare say you will remember, boss, what a terrible lot of talk there was at that time about Gippsland. Not being very well known then, all sorts of yarns sprang up about the Gippsland mountains. There were chaps away there in the ranges said to be making gold by the bucketful. Of others it was said that, after making huge piles, they had perished in the bush; for there is no doubt of it, some of that country is as rough as it’s made anywhere. Then a report was spread that the bodies of three miners had been found in the ranges starved to death, and that by each body was a swag of gold as much as a strong man could carry. Then, a while after the adventure I am going to tell you about, came all the excitement about the Omeo rush and Livingstone Creek—how the prospectors had been tracked for miles through the mountains and found at last, with, it was said, tons of gold.

## THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA.

By the MARCHESA CERESA VENUTI.



**I**N travelling along the coast-line of Tuscany, and emerging from the Pisan pine-forests, who is there that does not turn his eyes from the sea, in order to rest them on the masses of stone that lie by the side of the railway, waiting to take artistic or useful form, and to lift them to the overhanging mountains of

Luni, with their sides rent by glistening wounds, like so many heaps of snow? Those mountains are all of marble from base to summit; and twenty centuries of work have scarcely left a trace of the hand of man. They form the chain of the Apuan Alps, which is distinct from the Apennines and the Alps themselves. Its naked sides, its riven crags, its airy, pointed peaks bear too clearly for



mistake the Alpine stamp, entirely different from the lesser chain, which is characterised by soft, round hills, by mud and clay, and by a luxurious vegetation. The Apuan Alp is bounded by the rivers Aulella and Serchio, and by the Tyrrhenian Sea. It occupies the country formerly called Versilia, and now Garfagnana. Its framework is composed of wonderful chalk-banks, which crop out even at the very highest peaks, and of which there are many different varieties.

The traveller who wishes to visit the quarries ascends one of the streams which form the river Carrione; on its banks is situated the town of Carrara, once the chief place of the duchy ruled by Eliza Baciocchi, the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. Of the valleys which are scattered confusedly between the ridges of the mountain, some are inhabited and soft in aspect, others deserted and savage. The valley of Arni, which is the queen of all, is still untouched by the hand of man, so that when standing in it one hardly perceives that one is in the world, so rarely is the human voice heard there. It contains, however, enormous wealth, though the road that leads to it is exceedingly rough and impracticable. It is like a vast crater with an inverted brim. The torrents which descend from the surrounding rocks, as long as they are isolated, run roaring and foaming down, but before they arrive at the bottom of the basin they are lost to sight without ever encountering one another. In place of a river or lake there is nothing but a dry bed, with blocks of white marble scattered over it, which, like an enormous sponge, sucks in all these waters by a thousand apertures between dispersed débris, so that the meeting of the waters takes place underground. At some points there are caverns and grottos which rival the most famous on record, and some of which were the dwellings of man in the prehistoric period. Amongst the most remarkable are those of Aronte, Colombara, Bignone, that of the sorceress Feronia and the hundred chambers, the Buca d'Equi, and that of Tanone, of which Spallanzani said that it is 1300 metres long, and branches out into many minor grottos, sometimes compressing itself into narrow pathways, and sometimes widening out into spacious halls. It contains an immense number of water-stones of every size, form, and kind; and in the live rock, a long way down, it shows the nature and variety of the strata of which the mountain is itself composed. To surmount the dangers that meet one here it is necessary to be tied to a rope, and in this way to be transported over abysses and precipices. If the sight of these threatening crags and sharp-pointed pinnacles raises the mind to the poetic contemplation of Nature on the one hand, on the other the thought of the inexhaustible treasure of which she is here so prodigal awakens calculations of profitable industrial undertakings.

The Apuan marble excels the Parian, Pentelic,

and Hymettian marble for fineness of grain, ease in working, and for the size of its monoliths, and was substituted for the Greek marble at the very time when the Greeks ceased and the Italians began to produce their masterpieces. Providence, who transferred the primacy of the arts from the country of Phidias to that of Michelangelo, had planted near at hand the material for the new artists' use. Authors, backed by the authority of Pliny, who speaks of the marble of Luni as recently discovered, placed the period at which our marble began to be excavated in the later days of the Roman Republic; but the date is now carried much farther back. When the great captains brought back to Italy as trophies the statues by famous Greek chisels the artistic sentiment revived, and a great taste for marbles sprang up. The period in which the trade reached its greatest prosperity was during the reigns of Trajan and of Marcus Aurelius, and these emperors issued several laws relating to the quarries. From the valleys the marble was carried to the port of Luni. There it was shipped for Ostia, and after ascending the Tiber, was deposited at the Marmorata, a place close to where the Basilica of St Paul now stands. Every piece had the consul's name engraved upon it.

After this the devotion to the liberal arts became very much weakened among the Italians, and we look in vain for memorials of the quarries until the eleventh century. Barbarossa ceded Carrara, with its quarries, to his faithful Bishop of Luni in 1183; and in the following centuries Carrara had for its lords many Italian princes.

In 1500 Carrara saw within its walls the sculptors Bandinelli, Ammanati, Giambologna, together with the divine Michelangelo. He suffered here not so much by the labour of climbing the hard mountains as by the dishonesty of his fellow-men, as may be seen from his original letters, preserved in the British Museum. The traveller stops with respect before the house where the author of the 'David' and the 'Moses' dwelt. It seems that in the seventeenth century the marble industry had very much deteriorated; it assumed a new vigour again in the eighteenth century; and in 1769 Maria Teresa founded in Carrara an Academy of Fine Arts, from which so many eminent men have issued; this small town has been the cradle of Maffiolo, Baratta, Finelli, Raggi, and Tenerani. At the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars the industry suffered very considerably, for the great despot laid his tyrannical hand even on the humble quarrymen. It is reviving now, and good is in store for the industrious people of Carrara. The number of quarries is about seven hundred, but more than three hundred have not yet been exploited. At Massa there are about two hundred, of which forty-five alone are worked; and there are one hundred and fifty others abandoned in the Versilia. From this we may conjecture what

enormous wealth lies buried in the heart of this beautiful mountain.

The different kinds of marble are not arranged in layers, but blend with one another, like the colours of the rainbow. A light sandy coating covers the blocks, and divides them from one another. It is noticed that where marble is exposed to the sun it becomes harder; where it is placed in the shade it becomes finer and softer. From an admixture of metallic substances, the marbles are sometimes marked, speckled, veined, and spotted, and these defects make them less valuable to the sculptor. Though the marbles are of great variety, they may all be reduced to threefold classifications of *brecciati*, *bardigli*, and *bianchi*. Although the elegant *brecciato* is much liked for ornaments, and the flowered *bardiglio* is useful, still it is the *bianco* which is of the greatest importance, and the white statuary marble is the noblest of all. It has many varieties. Sometimes it is of dazzling whiteness; sometimes it inclines to blue, sometimes to flesh-colour, as is the case with the *crestola*, which is by far the most beautiful. It rises in value in proportion to its freshness, its tint, its crystallisation, and the size of the piece. Its freedom from impurities is also a matter of much consideration. Woe to the artist if, as he sees the thought he has long been meditating emerging from the precious block, he suddenly espies a knot, a speck, a vein showing itself under the strokes of his chisel! Dupré, in his *Memoirs*, states that while he was sculpturing the 'Giotto' for the Uffizi Palace he found a hair, which split the marble right through, and he had to make a reproduction of the statue. To Canova, as his friend Antonio d'Este tells us, it was torture to see black or livid spots; and accordingly, by the advice of chemists, and especially of the celebrated Davy, he made use of various preparations for taking them out. One day, while he was making this experiment, the chemicals took fire and went off like a volcanic eruption. He was thrown to the ground, and had a narrow escape of his life.

Our statuary marble, like the Parian of old, may well be called splendid. It is delicate, and shows an antipathy to everything that is not also white. Touch it with quicklime and it will be tinged with blood-coloured spots, with red wine and it becomes violet, with oil and it turns pale, with the moisture that comes from the chestnut and it grows black. By its means the 'Graces,' the 'Hours,' the 'Charity,' the 'Psyche,' the 'Fame,' the 'Abel,' which have immortalised Canova, Finelli, Bartolini, Tenerani, Rauch, and Dupré, assumed their divine forms, so full of comeliness and charm. Nor is it only into statues, veiled in the most exquisite modesty, or expressing the warmth of the affections, the sighs of melancholy, and the mysteries of the human heart, that it is wrought; but it lends itself also, in the hands of Michelangelo, to fashion sweet instruments—spinets,

guitars, and violins—the last so light as to be capable of being slung across the shoulder. Amongst the other statuary marbles, the *crestola* is the choicest of all, either on account of the beauty of its surface-covering, or because, from being less liable to chip, it can receive from an expert hand more finely chiselled and delicate features. A beautiful proof of the excellence of this marble has been given by the sculptor Moli in his 'Pompeian Mother,' now in the possession of Mr Mitchell Henry, Stratheden House, Hyde Park, London. The woman, flying with her child from the disaster, tries to shield herself from the burning rain with some drapery, or a sheet, which she holds high above her head. The air which she displaces in running swells the folds of the drapery, which, owing to the masterly way in which these folds are executed, and the delicacy of the work, is so light that it seems as thin and transparent as if it were of linen.

The most colossal monuments, however, the loftiest columns and the most sumptuous vestibules, are made of *bianco-chiaro*. Vasari assures us that the block of *bianco-chiaro* given by the Grand-duke Cosimo I. to Ammanati for the statue of 'Neptune' which is in the piazza of Signoria, in Florence, was six metres high and three wide. It was so superb that, from its not having been given to him, Benvenuto Cellini, as he himself says, turned so ill that he suddenly fainted.

The struggle of man with Nature is keen on the slopes of the Apuan Alps, and the echo of the labour is given back from the mountain. Here are blocks which appear to have been hurled down from dizzy heights; terrible explosions occur at which the earth seems cleft in two and tottering to its base; gangs of men are occupied in loosening great slabs between the enormous rocks, or in taking off the ragged corners of the marble, or rough-hewing it, or sanding it, or rubbing it with pumice-stone, or carrying it away. Forty-two sawing establishments, provided with two hundred appropriate implements, stand on the banks of the Carrione; and there are one hundred and fifteen sculptors' studios and manufactories of ornaments in the industrious little town of Torano. The quarries belong to one hundred and twenty-five men of business. The transport is made by four hundred and fifty persons, three hundred pair of oxen, and four hundred and twenty-five four-wheel and three hundred two-wheel carts. Three thousand people work at the quarries; about a hundred women are told off to carry water for the use of the quarrymen; five hundred and fifty persons are employed in the workshops and laboratories. These workpeople know, and scent out by instinct, the marble better than any mineralogist; the very lads are clever at carving it in sport, and make very useful articles of it. The export to all the countries of Europe and America amounts to one hundred thousand tons a year. If, however, at the foot of the Apuans there were a

handful of enterprising Englishmen or Americans, numerous lines of rail would soon wind up those delicious valleys, the waters of the Carrione and the Frigido would turn countless machines, and instead of one hundred thousand tons a million would be taken away every year, so that there would be some ground for the fear of Pliny, Ovid, and Juvenal that the mountains would be destroyed.

It cannot be doubted that there is much room for improvement, both in instruments and methods for the transport of the marble, and in the condition of the workers. On account of the imperfection of the machinery, the marble leaves Italy in the rough, and actually comes back dressed from abroad. Surely it would be possible to show a little more activity and skill at home, and to adopt new systems of mechanism, especially in the method of detaching monoliths from the mountain.

The blasting of the mines still makes many victims. It is easy to imagine what prodigious effects are produced, when one knows that two thousand pounds of powder are lodged at the depth of nearly twenty metres. The sound of a horn gives notice when an explosion is going to take place; the men, warned by it, run for shelter to some cave, and a formidable discharge of débris passes over their heads. Sometimes masses of stones come rolling down of themselves on the top of the casual passenger. At one time it was the custom to sound a bell inviting to prayer, according to Catholic usage, every time that there was a dead or dying man at the quarries. Not a day passed without its mournful notes being heard; but, as it spread terror and anguish among hundreds of aged fathers and mothers and children—amongst all the inhabitants of the town, since all had some relation at the quarries—its tolling was forbidden.

## THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

### CHAPTER XIV.



ONCE in the street the old man slipped his arm through that of his companion and hobbled along beside him. 'My dear young friend,' he said, when they had been walking for some few minutes, 'we are out of the house now, and able to talk sensibly together without fear of making fools of ourselves or of being overheard. First and foremost, tell me this: Have you any notion of what you are doing?'

'Of course I am not very well up in it,' Browne replied modestly; 'but I think I know pretty well.'

'Then, let me tell you this, as one who is probably more conversant with the subject than any man living: you know absolutely nothing at all!'

After this facer Browne did not know quite what to say. Herr Sauber stopped and looked at him.

'Has it struck you yet,' he said, 'that you, a young Englishman, without the least experience in such things, are pitting yourself against all the organisation and cunning of the Great Russian Bear?'

'That point has certainly struck me,' Browne replied.

'And do you mean to say that, knowing the strength of the enemy you are about to fight, you are not afraid to go on? Well, I must admit I admire your bravery; but I fear it is nearer foolhardiness than pluck. However, since you are determined to go on with it, let me give

you a little bit of advice that may be of service to you. I understand you have not long enjoyed the honour of Madame Bernstein's acquaintance?'

Browne stated that this was so, and wondered what was coming next. He was beginning to grow interested in this queer old man, with the sharp eyes, who spoke with such an air of authority.

'Before I go any farther,' continued the old gentleman, 'permit me to remark that I yield to no one in my admiration for the lady's talent. She is an exceedingly clever woman, whose grasp of European politics is, to say the least of it, remarkable. At the same time, were I in your position, I would be as circumspect as possible in my behaviour towards her. Madame is a charming companion; she is philosophic and can adapt herself to the most unpleasant circumstances with the readiness of an old campaigner. In matters like the present, however, I regret to say, her tongue runs riot with her, and for that reason alone I consider her little short of dangerous.'

This may or may not have been the exact thought Browne had in his own mind. But the woman was Katherine's friend; and, however imprudent she might be, that circumstance alone was sufficient, in a certain sense, to make him loyal to her. Herr Sauber probably read what was passing in his mind, for he threw a glance up at him in his queer sparrow-like way, and, when he had eyed him steadfastly for a few seconds, continued what he had to say with even greater emphasis than before.

'I do not want you to mistake my meaning,' he said. 'At the same time, I have no desire to see the mission you have taken in hand turn out a failure. I have been acquainted with Madame Bernstein for more years than either she or I would probably care to remember, and it is far from my intention or desire to prejudice your mind against her. At the same time, I have known Katherine's family for a much longer period, and I must study them and their interests before all.'

'But what is it of which you desire to warn me?' Browne inquired. 'It seems to me that Madame Bernstein is as anxious to assist Katherine's father to escape as any of us.'

'I sincerely believe she is,' the old man replied. 'In spite of the life she has led these twenty years, she still remains a woman, and impetuous. You must see for yourself that in a matter like the present you cannot be too careful. Let one little hint reach the Russian Government, and farewell to any chance you may stand of effecting the man's escape.'

'But what am I to do to prevent her from giving them a hint?' asked Browne. 'She knows as much as I do, and I cannot gag her!'

'But you need not tell her of all your plans,' he answered. 'Tell Katherine what you please; she has the rare gift of being able to hold her tongue, and wild horses would not drag the secret from her.'

'Then, to sum up what you say, I am to take care that, while Katherine and I know everything, Madame Bernstein shall know nothing?'

'I do not say anything of the kind,' said Herr Sauber. 'I simply tell you what I think, and I leave it to your good sense to act as you think best. You English have a proverb to the effect that the least said is the soonest mended. When the object of your expedition is accomplished, and you are back in safety once more, you will, I hope, be able to come to me and say, "Herr Sauber, there was no necessity to act upon the advice you gave me;" then I shall be perfectly satisfied.'

'I must confess that you have made me a little uneasy,' Browne replied. 'I have no doubt you are right, however. At any rate, I will be most careful of what I say and how I act in her presence. Now, perhaps, you can help me still further, since you declare you are better acquainted with the subject than most people. Being so ignorant, I should be very grateful for a few hints as to how I should set to work.' In spite of the old man's boast, Browne thought he had rather got the better of him now. He was soon to be undeceived, however.

'You intend to carry this through yourself, I suppose?' asked his companion. 'If I mistake not, I heard you say this evening that you proposed to set sail at once for the Farther East. Is that so?'

'It is quite true,' Browne replied. 'I leave

for London to-morrow afternoon, and immediately upon my arrival there I shall commence my preparations. You will see for yourself, if the man is so ill, there is no time to waste.'

'In that case I think I can introduce you to a person who will prove of the utmost assistance to you; a man without whom, indeed, it would be quite impossible for you to succeed in your undertaking.'

'That is really very kind of you,' said Browne; 'and, pray, who is this interesting person, and where shall I find him?'

'His name is Johann Schmidt,' said Sauber, 'and for some years past he has taken up his residence in Hong-kong. Since we are alone, I may as well inform you that he makes a speciality of these little affairs, though I am not aware that he has done very much in that particular locality in which you are at present most interested. New Caledonia is more in his line. However, I feel sure that that will make little or no difference to him, and I do not think you can do better than pay him a visit when you reach Eastern waters.'

'But how am I to broach the subject to him? And how am I to know that he will help me? I cannot very well go to him and say straight out that I am anxious to help a Russian convict to escape from Saghalien.'

'I will give you a letter to him,' replied Herr Sauber, 'and after he has read it you will find that you will have no difficulty in the matter whatsoever. For a sum to be agreed upon between you, he will take the whole matter off your hands, and all you will have to do will be to meet the exile at a spot which will be arranged and convey him to a place of safety.'

'I am sure I am exceedingly obliged to you,' said Browne. 'But will you answer me one more question?'

'I will answer a hundred if they will help you,' the other replied. 'But what is this particular one?'

'I want to know why you did not tell us all this when we were discussing the matter at the house just now.'

'Because in these matters the safest course is to speak into one ear only. If you will be guided by me you will follow my example. When no one knows what you are going to do save yourself, it is impossible for any one to forestall or betray you.'

By this time they had reached the corner of the Rue Auber. Here the old gentleman stopped and held out his hand.

'At this point our paths separate, I think,' he said, 'and I have the honour to wish you good-night.'

'But what about that address in Hong-kong?' Browne inquired. 'As I leave for England to-morrow, it is just possible that I may not see you before I go.'



'I will send it to your hotel,' Herr Sauber replied. 'I know where you are staying. Good-night, my friend, and may you be as successful in the work you are undertaking as you deserve to be.'

Browne thanked him for his good wishes, and bade him good-night. Having done so, he resumed his walk alone, with plenty to think about. Why it should have been so he could not tell, but it seemed to him that since his interview with the old man from whom he had just parted, the whole aspect of the affair to which he had pledged himself had changed. It is true that he had had his own suspicions of Madame Bernstein from the beginning, but they had been only the vaguest surmises and nothing more. Now they seemed to have increased not only in number but in weight; yet, when he came to analyse it all, the whole fabric tumbled to pieces like a house of cards. No charge had been definitely brought against her, and all that was insinuated was that she might possibly be somewhat indiscreet. That she was as anxious as they were to arrange the escape of Katherine's father from the island upon which he was imprisoned was a point which admitted of no doubt. Seeing that Katherine was her best friend in the world, it could scarcely have been otherwise. And yet there was a nameless something behind it all that made Browne uneasy and continually distrustful. Try how he would, he could not drive it from his mind; and when he retired to rest, two hours later, it was only to carry it to bed with him and to lie awake hour after hour endeavouring to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

Immediately after breakfast next morning he made his way to the Gardens of the Tuileries. He had arranged on the previous evening to meet Katherine there, and on this occasion she was first at the rendezvous. As soon as she saw him she hastened along the path to meet him. Browne thought he had never seen her more becomingly dressed; her face had a bright colour, and her eyes sparkled like twin diamonds.

'You have good news for me, I can see,' she said when their first greetings were over and they were walking back along the path together. 'What have you done?'

'We have advanced one step,' he answered. 'I have discovered the address of a man who will possibly be of immense assistance to us.'

'That is good news indeed,' she said. 'And where does he live?'

'In Hong-kong,' Browne replied, and as he said it he noticed a look of disappointment upon her face.

'Hong-kong?' she replied. 'That is such a long way off. I had hoped he would prove to be in London.'

'I don't think there is any one in London who would be of much use to us,' said Browne, 'while there are a good many there who could hinder

us. That reminds me, dear, I have something rather important to say to you.'

'What is it?' she inquired.

'I want to warn you to be very careful to whom you speak about the work we have in hand, and to be particularly careful of one person.'

'Who is that?' she inquired; but there was a subtle intonation in her voice that told Browne that, while she could not, of course, know with any degree of certainty whom he meant, she at least could hazard a very good guess. They had seated themselves by this time on the same seat they had occupied a few days before; and a feeling that was almost one of shame came over him when he reflected that in a certain measure he owed his present happiness to the woman he was about to decry.

'You must not be offended at what I am going to say to you,' he began, prodding the turf before him with the point of his umbrella meanwhile. 'The fact of the matter is, I want to warn you to be very careful how much of your plans you reveal to Madame Bernstein. It is just possible you may think I am unjust in saying such a thing. I only hope I am.'

'I really think you are,' she said. 'I don't know why you should have done so; but from the very first you have entertained a dislike for madame. And yet, I think you must admit she has been a very good friend to both of us.'

She seemed so hurt at what he had said that Browne hastened to set himself right with her.

'Believe me, I am not doubting her friendship,' he said, 'only her discretion. I should never forgive myself if I thought I had put any unjust thoughts against her in your mind. But the fact remains that not only for your father's safety, but also for our own, it is most essential that no suspicion as to what we are about to do should get abroad.'

'You surely do not think that Madame Bernstein would talk about the matter to strangers?' said Katherine a little indignantly. 'You have not known her very long; but I think at least you ought to know her well enough to feel sure she would not do that.'

Browne tried to reassure her on this point, but it was some time before she was mollified. To change the subject, he spoke of Herr Sauber and of the interest he was taking in the matter.

'I see it all,' she said; 'it was he who instilled these suspicions into your mind. It was unkind of him to do so; and not only unkind, but unjust. Like yourself, he has never been altogether friendly to her.'

Browne found himself placed in somewhat of a dilemma. It was certainly true that the old man had added fresh fuel to his suspicions; yet he had to remember that his dislike for the lady extended farther back, even as far as his first meeting with her at Merok. Therefore, while in

justice to himself he had the right to incriminate the old man, still he had no desire to confess that he had himself been a doubter from the first. Whether she could read what was passing in his mind or not I cannot say; but she was silent for a few minutes. Then, looking up at him with troubled eyes, she said, 'Forgive me; I would not for all the world have you think that I have the least doubt of you. You have been so good to me that I should be worse than ungrateful if I were to do that. Will you make a bargain with me?'

'Before I promise I must know what that bargain is,' he said, with a smile. 'You have tried to make bargains with me before to which I could not agree.'

'This is a very simple one,' she said. 'I want you to promise me that you will never tell me anything of what you are going to do in this matter that I cannot tell Madame Bernstein. Cannot you see, dear, what I mean when I ask that? She is my friend, and she has taken care of me for so many, many years, that I should be indeed a traitor to her if, while she was so anxious to help me in the work I have undertaken, I were to keep from her even the smallest detail of our plans. If she is to be ignorant let me be ignorant also.' The simple, straightforward nature of the girl was apparent in what she said.

'And yet you wish to know everything of what I do?' he said.

'It is only natural that I should,' she answered. 'I also wish to be honest with madame. You will give that promise, will you not, Jack?'

Browne considered for a moment. Embarrassing as the position had been a few moments before, it seemed even more so now. At last he made up his mind.

'Yes,' he said very slowly; 'since you wish it, I will give you that promise, and I believe I am doing right. You love me, Katherine?'

'Ah, you know that,' she replied. 'I love and trust you as I could never do another man.'

'And you believe that I will do everything that

a man can do to bring about the result you desire?'

'I do believe that,' she said.

'Then let it all remain in my hands. Let me be responsible for the whole matter, and you shall see what the result will be. As I told you yesterday, dear, if any man can get your father out of the terrible place in which he now is, I will do so.'

She tried to answer, but words failed her. Her heart was too full to speak. She could only press his hand in silence.

'When shall I see you again?' Browne inquired, after the short silence which had ensued. 'I leave for London this afternoon.'

'For London?' she repeated, with a startled look upon her face. 'I did not know that you were going so soon.'

'There is no time to lose,' he answered. 'All our arrangements must be made at once. I have as much to do next week as I can possibly manage. I suppose you and madame have set your hearts on going to the East?'

'I could not let you go alone,' she answered; 'and not only that, but if you succeed in getting my father away, I must be there to welcome him to freedom.'

'In that case you and madame had better hold yourselves in readiness to start as soon as I give the word.'

'We will be ready whenever you wish us to set off,' she replied. 'You need have no fear of that.'

Half-an-hour later Browne bade her good-bye, and in less than three hours he was flying across France as fast as the express could carry him. Reaching Calais, he boarded the boat. It was growing dusk, and for that reason the faces of the passengers were barely distinguishable. Suddenly Browne felt a hand upon his shoulder, and a voice greeted him with, 'My dear Browne, this is indeed a pleasurable surprise. I never expected to see you here.'

*It was Maas.*

## WARKWORTH CASTLE AND HERMITAGE.

By SARAH WILSON.



ORD WARKWORTH, M.P., now Earl Percy, the accomplished grandson of the late Duke of Northumberland and of the Duke of Argyll, took his title from the pleasant village of Warkworth, on the Coquet. The beautiful river, when it has arrived from its source among the heather-clad hills to within a mile or so from the sea, makes a large, sweeping, circular curve, and enwrings with its silvery waters about fifty acres of land. As long ago as the days of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers a church was built in the limited district of country thus

encompassed by the river. The walls were made four feet thick, that they might endure; but it was taken down and another built on a larger scale in Norman times. A castle was also erected within the same environment in the period of Norman rule. In Plantagenet days a bridge was thrown across the river and fortified with a tower; a little later a hermitage was hollowed out of a sandstone cliff on the outer bank of the winding stream; and a market-cross was also erected. The wide, sloping road between the castle and the church was gradually lined on both sides with stone houses of different degrees of accommoda-

tion; and thus, as the centuries came and passed, and left their work, Warkworth has become the attraction that we find it at the present day.

A few years ago, in the course of repairs, the floors of the church were taken up to a sufficient extent to uncover part of the foundations of the original Saxon building. Those who were present turned with quick curiosity to the recess in the low corner-stone in which deposits are usually placed by founders; but former explorers had left it void. The lengths of foundations exposed were all within the walls of the building, showing that the Norman masons made their church on a larger scale than that of the earlier builders. The Norman chancel, with its stone-groined roof, and the north and west walls of the Norman nave are still standing with calm continuance. But built up close against the west wall is a strong, stern Plantagenet tower, twenty-three feet square, erected, probably, as a place of safety some time after the terrible massacre of the inhabitants that took place in the course of the invasion of William the Lion, King of Scotland, in 1174. The south wall of the Norman builders was taken down in Tudor times, and a light, wide, spacious aisle of gracious aspect thrown out, which has now become, like the rest, ashen-gray with its years. There are several other items of interest in the church: a fragment of a Saxon cross carved in the characteristic manner that Saxon illuminations in manuscripts have made familiar to us; a porch with a chamber over it, once used as the village schoolroom, and furnished with a turret staircase to give access to it; traces of an anchorite's cell; and an effigy of the knight who gave the common to the inhabitants. The porch, as Mr Tomlinson remarks in his excellent *Guide to Northumberland*, is 'well peppered on the outside with bullet-marks.' Here is laid the opening scene of Sir Walter Besant's story, *Let Nothing you Dismay*.

Though Warkworth is mentioned by the Venerable Bede as having been given by King Ceolwulf to the community he joined at Lindisfarne when he resigned his crown, it is Jordan Fantosme who has painted for us the first word-picture of the castle, the 'worm-eaten hold of rugged stone' that Shakespeare has made so interesting to us all. In trouvère fashion, he related metrically how William the Lion set out to ravage Northumberland, and went first to Wark Castle, where the custodian arranged a postponement of hostilities till he could receive instructions from headquarters as to whether he was to defend it or give it up. In the course of the necessary days of waiting, the Scottish king decided to proceed to Alnwick, where he hoped to make similar terms with the son of De Vesci, who was in charge of the castle there; then, he said, he would go on to Warkworth; and though Roger, the son of Richard, was a valiant chevalier, he would not be able to withstand him, as castle, wall, and moat were all 'fiable'—not dreaming that the day was near at hand when he was to be taken

prisoner at Alnwick, and led to Henry the Second at Northampton with his legs bound under his horse's body.

The Norman knight who built the castle in the first instance has been ascertained to be the Roger Fitz-Richard thus mentioned by Jordan Fantosme. He enclosed about two acres of land around his keep, with a curtain-wall in which he built a great gateway-tower, portions of which are still standing. After six generations had enjoyed its ownership, the last representative died without male issue, and left his possessions to his sovereign, Edward the First. The grandson of this monarch conferred Warkworth upon Henry de Percy, in consideration of certain services and payments. After the attainder consequent upon the fate of the fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, King Henry the Fifth restored the Percy possessions to the son of the celebrated Hotspur, to whom the erection of the present noble and impressive keep is attributed.

Experts aver that it would be difficult, even at the present day, to devise a more convenient and compact residence: 'a very proper howse' it was called in a survey dated 1538. Mr Freeman says that, though of less historic fame than Alnwick, it 'is in itself a more pleasing object of study. It stands as a castle should stand, free from the disfigurement of modern habitation.' It is of a quadrangular form, with a bold projecting bay from base to summit in the centre of each of its four faces. The angles of the bays and of the square are all canted or cut off, which gives the mass the outline of an assemblage of towers; and above all rises a tall, slender turret for observation. All the requisites of a nobleman's house in old times are within: a guardroom with a dungeon below it, a banqueting-room with dais and music-gallery, a chapel and oratory, private chamber, kitchen and buttery, and the necessary staircases. In the centre of all, to get additional light, is a well or lantern, called in the old survey mentioned 'a place voyd.' Here is laid Scene iii. Act 2 of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

It is the delight of antiquaries to pick out the works of Roger Fitz-Richard and his descendants from the more important additions of the Percies. They conclude that these chieftains retained the original curtain-wall of Roger, as well as his gatehouse, hall, and kitchen near it; and that they took down his small keep to erect their own more convenient and imposing building. They point out corbels that carried projecting defences over the gateway, and look for recesses in the walls left in other portions of the masonry for the insertion of beams whereon to carry the wooden galleries with which walls were often defended in times of siege; they count the curious oilets, or loopholes, and note that they are unusually elongated; and they mark that the portcullises must have been wider at the top than they were below, because the grooves in which they work do not touch the ground, but finish in a projecting

shoulder. Those who have not the particular kind of learning that lights up these points of interest, that makes a panel carved with heraldic symbols as easy to read as a book, a length of moulding as full of testimony as a tale, or a fragment of tracery as convincing as a document, must nevertheless admire the fine mellow mass of proud masonry three stories in height, pierced with mullioned and traceried windows, and capped with its commanding turret, that stands looking out, high above the frayed curtain-wall and its crumbling towers, upon the aslant and stony village, the winding river fringed with greenery, and the distant sea. When the crannies are jewelled with wallflowers in the spring-time a fairer scene is far to seek. In our own time a few of the chief chambers in the keep have been put into repair for occasional use. These are filled with ancient tapestry and carved oak furniture in keeping with the traditions of the stronghold; but the sky looks down upon the hearthstones of most of the others, and the winds sweep in and out of the gracefully proportioned chapel through its glassless windows.

The medieval bridge is another archæological treasure. The tower with which it is defended was probably part of the general scheme of defence. This is kept in fair repair, though it may be less than its full height in its best days. It is described in the survey made for the Percy family in 1567 as being then without roof or cover, and in much need of repair. 'Yt shall be therefore very requisite that the towre be with all speed repaired, and the gates hanged up, which shall be a great savety and comoditie for the towne.' Those who had to draw up and wait in their vehicles whilst others passed through the archway in the centre of it, however, scarcely considered it as a commodity to the town, and were as grateful to the County Council for making a new approach to the bridge recently, so that they need not thread the arch, as antiquaries were for its preservation. We may see the grooves for the portcullis; the two small strong doorways within the gate, one on either side, that give access to the stairs leading to the upper story; the loopholes on the lower story, the larger lights above, the discs of lichens here and there lighting the dove-coloured tint that Time has given it. The bridge consists of two noble ribbed arches, with a sharp angular projection, rising from a pebbly islet between them, that is carried up to the level of the roadway, and forms a recess on both sides for foot-passengers to take refuge in whilst horses and vehicles pass. Many a dainty demoiselle and fair lady have come ambling across it; many a messenger has galloped over it to take important news to the great castellans; many a clump of spears has glittered upon it, and many a trumpet sounded there, we may be sure. It was in Warkworth that the Pretender was first prayed for and avowedly proclaimed king of Great Britain, when

General Forster and his company of Jacobites arrived here, October 7, 1715.

The hermitage is of still more interest. It is hollowed out of a sandstone cliff that is embowered in foliage on the outer bank of the river at no great distance from the castle. On crossing (there is a boat not far off for the purpose in the summer-time), a flight of steps gives access from the pathway by the water to the doorway. On entering you find yourself in a chapel twenty feet long, composed of three bays, with a groined roof. At the end is an altar, and by the side of it a recess with the full-length effigy of a lady in it. In the north wall, opposite the entrance, is another doorway leading into a smaller chapel or cell; and on the same side is a very handsome hagioscope, whereby those in the smaller chapel may see the altar in the larger one; and there is also another opening filled with tracery. There is a third small chamber at the end of the chapel opposite the altar, of which the outer boundary has fallen away, which has four narrow slits or windows in the dividing wall that are precisely similar to those that light the little chamber in the parish church which, it is thought, was once an anchorite's cell. It has also traces of a doorway that must have communicated with a kitchen, now standing roofless, at a lower level. This kitchen is of wrought masonry; the chapels and chamber adjoining them are hewn out of the coarse-grained solid rock; and they are hewn not grudgingly or of necessity, but with lavish care. There is a seat recessed in the sandstone on either side of the doorway; above the door is carved a legend, now difficult to decipher, because of the disintegration of the surface of the rock, but known to have been the Latin wording of 'My tears have been my meat day and night;' over the second doorway is another inscription that has become quite illegible; there is a piscina; and there are carvings representing the Crucifixion and the emblems of the Crucifixion on a shield.

The effigy of the lady whose unfortunate fate has been so fully told by Bishop Percy in the ballad has an angel at its shoulders, a bull's head at its feet, and a demi-figure of a knight guarding it. The surroundings are of the utmost sylvan beauty and enchantment; nevertheless, the hermit must have had his tribulations; for every now and then, though at long intervals, the erstwhile placid river overflows and rises nearly to the full height of the great arched fireplace in his kitchen. For many years at a time, however, it passes serenely on its way, reflecting the trees, shrubs, and water-weeds at its edges and the stately castle on its bosom. It is nearly forty miles long, and, before it passes round Warkworth, winds through a country studded with castles, peel-towers, and battlefields. It is pebble-paved for the most part, and its waters are of exceptional clearness; some authorities assert that there are more trout in it than in any other half-dozen streams in the



north of England. One of the Percy owners of Warkworth Castle allowed the hermit to take a draught of fish from the river every Sunday throughout the year, to be called the 'Trynete draught.'

The keynote of Warkworth sounds like a reverberation from years long past. In the village, among the better houses and inns, are primitive

hostelries where horses to be put up have to be led through their doorways and past their parlours into the cobble-paved stable-yards in their rear. Some of them must have seen the day when Travers brought the news to the Earl of Northumberland that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

## THE ANTHROPOLOGIST'S COAT.

By W. E. CULE, Author of *Lady Stalland's Diamond*, &c.



**I**T frequently gives one a shock of surprise to observe what small and even ridiculous matters serve to influence a man's development and success in life. Peter Sand, Master of Arts and Fellow of St Gaston's, was dim-sighted, and failed on one occasion to distinguish between a black cloth and a dark blue. In this fact lies the secret of his subsequent development and prosperity.

Three years ago Peter's development had apparently ceased. He lived entirely at the university town of Durbridge, was known as a Fellow of St Gaston's, and occasionally lectured on anthropology. His friends had once expected a great deal from him, but had for some time abandoned those expectations. One or two articles in scientific magazines formed the sum total of his contributions to the press, and the first portions of his great work on *The Epoch of the Mastodon* had been written only to be thrown aside. The income from his Fellowship was more than enough for his comfort, and he had never liked society. Gradually he had withdrawn farther and farther into himself, until at the age of thirty-three he looked ten years older, and was a willing and contented recluse. His enemies called him 'The Fossil,' and he was familiarly known among his friends as 'Little Peter.'

His usual course of life received an interruption one day in the form of a letter from Barron, an old schoolfellow who had kept a distant but kindly eye upon Peter for some fifteen years. The Fellow of St Gaston's read the letter several times before he could comprehend it fully. Barron was about to be married, and wished his old friend to attend him as groomsman.

A notification that he would be expected to act as bridegroom could scarcely have caused Peter more distress. He a groomsman—at a wedding! It was ridiculous—impossible! To refuse Barron's request, however, seemed also impossible, for he was the last of that almost forgotten circle of early friends. After long and troubled consideration he sent an urgent note, asking the bridegroom to come up to Durbridge and explain.

Barron came, a big fellow with a large heart, which even his work as a country solicitor had not succeeded in warping. He was one of those

who had respected Peter's learning, and had hoped for great things from him. His disappointment was extreme to find shrinkage instead of expansion, retreat instead of attainment.

'Dear me, Sand!' he cried; 'what's wrong with you? You look so old, and so very gray! Do you go out much?'

'Never,' answered Peter. 'Why should I?'

'Why, because you are becoming a fossil, man,' was the candid answer. 'You must wake up—you ought to marry.'

'What!' exclaimed Peter, astounded; 'and lose my Fellowship?'

Barron sighed, and felt sorry that the Fellowship had ever been gained. Then he set himself to persuade Peter to run down for the wedding, and to undertake the duties of groomsman. It was to be a very quiet affair, he explained, and the responsibility was simply nothing. Peter listened, and gradually gave way. To the bridegroom's amusement, he then began to make exhaustive notes in a pocket-book, so that he might not forget any of his duties.

'Since you don't care for going about much,' said Barron, 'you needn't come down until the day before. That will be time enough, and you won't require so much luggage.'

'Just my things, I suppose?' said the Fellow. 'It's lucky that I've had a first-rate new coat lately. It's a blue one.'

'Blue?'

'Yes, dark blue. I intended to get black, but I am short-sighted, you know, and when the patterns were submitted I chose blue by mistake. But it's a splendid thing, and my landlady tells me that it looks very well. I should like to do you credit at the wedding, old fellow.'

He uttered the last words so kindly, and his confidence in the blue coat was so touching and child-like, that Barron could not speak the protest which rose to his lips. Besides, if Peter had to exert himself to order and fit a new coat he might rebel, and give up the project altogether. So he held his peace, reflecting that there might be no law against blue after all. He did not know how criminal his silence was, for he was but a man, and had never been married before.

When he reached home he found cause to

regret his silence. The bride-to-be was supported by the presence of her sister, who had given up a position of ease as a countess's companion to fill the vacant place in the family circle. She had bright eyes and a quick tongue, and did not show such reverence for her new brother as she might have shown. Barron was continually at war with her.

'What is this Mr Sand?' she asked pertly. 'What is his work?'

'Oh, he's a Fellow,' said Barron.

'Indeed! That is very lucid. Is he a nice fellow?'

'He is a Fellow with a capital F, Miss Pattie,' was the rebuking answer—'a Fellow of St Gaston's College. His work is—is—anthropology.'

'And what is that, pray?'

'Oh, skulls,' said Barron—'skulls and skeletons, and all that sort of thing. He's wonderfully clever—so clever that the St Gaston people give him two hundred a year as long as he remains unmarried. They know that marriage spoils clever men, so they bribe them to remain single!'

His triumph was but a brief one.

'Has anybody ever tried to bribe *you* to remain single, John?' asked Miss Pattie icily; and John was so demoralised by the thrust that in another moment he had betrayed the secret of Peter's coat.

The minutes that followed were decidedly troubled ones. Dismay succeeded to incredulity, and indignation to dismay. It was in vain that poor Barron pleaded that a Master of Arts and a Fellow of St Gaston's might wear any coat he liked at any wedding he liked, and even claim to set the fashion. He was told that the idea was an outrage, and that he should have placed his foot upon that blue coat at its first appearance. Miss Pattie declared that she would never, never walk out of church on a blue coat-sleeve, and that her brother Charles must be asked to act as groomsman instead of that Fellow. Then Barron said that he would prefer to walk into church with Peter in a blue coat than with any other living man in a black one. So the matter was left, in the faint hope that the groomsman might be smuggled into a more suitable garment on the morning of the wedding.

'It will be a bad thing for him,' said Miss Pattie, 'if he brings that coat down here.'

'Oh,' said Barron. 'What will you do?'

'I shall simply look at him,' was the quiet reply. 'That is all.'

Barron thought it might prove to be quite enough, for Miss Pattie's eyes had remarkable powers of expressing the colder emotions. He felt sorry for his friend, but was utterly helpless.

On the eve of the wedding Peter came, and Barron introduced him to the bride's relatives. While the groomsman was nervously congratulating the bride, he was himself forced to admit to Miss Pattie that the dreaded coat had come, and would

certainly make its appearance in church. Her eyes flashed dangerously.

'Very well,' she said; 'you know what I promised;' and she took the earliest opportunity of working out her vengeance.

This was at supper, when Peter sat facing her. When he addressed her she answered coldly and without interest; if he glanced in her direction he met a look of abhorrence and contempt which even a scientist could scarcely have mistaken. Barron watched the play, at first in fear, but afterwards in surprise. It appeared to him that Peter did not suffer as he should have suffered. He certainly became more silent, but the glances he returned to the enemy were entirely free from confusion.

'You don't seem to hurt him,' said Barron at last. 'What is wrong?'

'There's nothing wrong,' was the sharp retort. 'He is unusually stupid, that is all.'

Barron laughed. 'Nothing of the kind,' he said. 'He is looking at you continually, and perhaps you notice that his interest is visibly increasing. Don't flatter yourself, Pattie; please, don't. He is simply studying the formation of your head, for anthropological purposes. Peter has a mania for skulls.'

After that blow Barron retreated with honour, and bore the groomsman with him. They spent an hour before sleep in going over the duties of the morning, Peter making further notes in his book, with a face of unexpected interest and earnestness. When this was done he said:

'That young woman, Miss Pattie, has a fine pair of eyes, John.'

'Yes?' said Barron expectantly.

'Yes. I saw her looking at this old coat of mine. It is certainly faded, though I have never noticed it before, and perhaps she thought I intended to wear it to-morrow. I am glad that I have brought my blue one—I am sure she—I mean you—will like it.'

What was coming to Peter? Barron gazed at his pleased and contented face in growing amazement. Could it be possible that Miss Pattie had worked this sudden change? Here was retribution indeed!

'John,' said the anthropologist a little more hesitatingly, a little nervously, 'I believe there is an old custom—a groomsman's privilege—to—to—hem—to kiss the bridesmaid.'

'Eh?' cried Barron; 'the bride, you mean, not the bridesmaid. You kiss the bride.'

'Oh,' said Peter, 'the bride, is it—not the bridesmaid? I see;' and it seemed to Barron that his face had fallen a little. But his own amazement was so great that he could scarcely take notice. He tried to imagine how Pattie would look if Peter tried to carry out his mistaken idea of the old custom, and he wished with all his heart that he had left the thing alone. Then he said 'Good-night' to Peter, and hastened away to his own room to laugh in peace.

In the morning Peter appeared in the dreaded coat. It was a dark blue, and he was so pleased with the effect that Barron, who had prepared another coat for him, could not find courage to destroy his illusions. 'After all,' he thought, 'Peter looks very neat; it is to be a very quiet wedding, and everything will be over in half-an-hour.' So he actually congratulated him upon his appearance, and nerved himself to meet the consequences.

The carriage took them to the church, where they prepared to wait in the vestry until the bridal party should arrive. There Barron spent a few anxious moments in reminding Peter of his various duties. It was at this point that a sudden and startling thought occurred to him.

'Peter,' he exclaimed, 'have you the ring?'

'What ring?' cried Peter, astounded. 'No—upon my word—I haven't!'

The bridegroom said something under his breath. He had not given the ring into Peter's charge on the previous night, fearing that he might leave it behind him, and up to the present moment that horrid coat had so troubled his mind that the matter had quite escaped him. The ring had been forgotten!

He made a rapid calculation. His house was not far off, and the missing article could yet be obtained. It was true that the bride would arrive directly, but if Peter made an effort he might return with the ring by the time it would be needed.

'Run!' he said—'run! You know where it is—in my writing-desk. Run!'

Peter did not wait for further instructions. He caught up the nearest hat—which happened to be Barron's—and rushed out by a side-door. There was no vehicle within call, and he could not go in search of one. Clapping Barron's hat over his brows, he tore away through the quiet churchyard, the tails of his blue coat flying behind him.

When he reached the house he knocked twice without effect. Then he perceived that every one must have gone to the church, and turned in despair and helplessness. As he turned he saw that one of the drawing-room windows had been left unhasped and slightly open.

There was only one thing to be done. He gave a furtive glance up and down the silent, sunny street, and then pushed the sash higher. There was an awkward scramble, and the hat was crushed against the top of the window. In a moment more he was safely inside.

The desk was found, but it was locked. In his agitation Barron had never thought of giving the keys. Peter looked about him once more, picked up a poker, and with one or two blows destroyed the lock.

There was the ring, all ready in its case. There, also, was Barron's pocket-book, which had been forgotten like the ring. Peter grasped the

articles, and was turning to fly, when he found himself face to face with a policeman!

It was a painful meeting. The officer had observed Peter's furtive entry, and had quietly followed. It looked to him a clear case of daylight burglary, and he was one of those obtuse policemen whose convictions it is impossible to move. Peter tried to explain.

'It's a wedding,' he cried, 'and this is the ring. I came back to get it, and they are all waiting at the church. I am the groomsman.'

Then came the tragedy of the coat. This policeman knew all about weddings, for he had often attended at the church doors in an official capacity. He had observed the costumes worn on such occasions, and he had never seen a groomsman in a blue coat. He shook his head stubbornly.

'That's all very well,' he said; but I can't take it, sir. You must walk to the station with me. It's close by.'

Peter saw that argument was vain. The entry by the window, the broken lock, the pocket-book, and, although he did not know it, the blue coat were all against him. By this time the ceremony must have begun, and perhaps they were waiting for the ring. With an exclamation of rage and despair, he hurled both ring and pocket-book into the farthest corner of the room.

At the church, however, matters had gone perfectly. Barron soon decided that Peter must have got into difficulties, and then discovered the keys of the desk in his own pocket. Making the best of the case, he secured the services of Miss Pattie's 'brother Charles' as groomsman, sent him to borrow a ring from one of the ladies, and then went to meet the bride, fully provided. Everything ran smoothly after that until the whole party proceeded to the bride's home for the breakfast.

From there a messenger was sent to look for Peter, and just as the breakfast had begun the missing groomsman made his appearance. What he had suffered during the course of his adventure no one would ever know, but there was in his face a mingling of unutterable emotions. Hatless, dusty, hot, and dishevelled, he stepped into the room, and stared about him. But his chief emotion was anxiety.

'Good gracious, my dear fellow!' cried Barron, 'where have you been? What is the matter? Come and sit here.'

Peter came. He looked at the faces of bride and bridegroom, and saw that all was well. Then he wiped his brows, with a sigh of relief.

'It is all right, then?' he said huskily. 'I have been in a terrible state—thought you couldn't get on without the ring.'

He spoke so strangely that a smile appeared on several faces. One of those at the head of the table, however, did not smile. She was looking

into Peter's face, and it was her voice that murmured, 'Poor fellow!' Barron heard it, and wondered.

The groomsmen took his seat, and told his curious story. It could not have been expected that the poor anthropologist would be a good story-teller; but here was a surprise for all. Peter had been shaken out of himself; he spoke with simple feeling and indignation; his words, his gestures, moved every one to sympathy. The scientist had emotions, in spite of science.

'Imagine the position,' he said. 'The bridegroom waiting for the ring which I had been trusted to get—and the policeman immovable, inflexible! My dear Barron, I was wild—I would have done anything—I would have given a fortune—I would have given up my Fellowship—to get away! . . . I would.'

He paused for breath. Every eye was upon him; every sound was hushed.

'The inspector,' he said, 'was a little more reasonable, and thus I am here. That policeman must have been a little mad, I believe. I could not quite make out his explanation; but it seems that one of his excuses for arresting me was my coat—my coat! It is most extraordinary!'

Then, of course, every one looked at Peter's coat, and saw that it was blue beneath the dust. Barron glanced at Miss Pattie, and she, perceiving his meaning, remembered her threat. She looked at Peter Sand once more, for the third time.

There was no ridicule now, no contempt. Peter's face was flushed; his eyes were bright. Miss Pattie saw in his countenance something that caused her own to soften, to change. She saw, perhaps, an old Peter, the one who had been Barron's friend and had won Barron's faith and loyalty long ago—the plain, unselfish Peter, who, during the whole of this unhappy adventure, had not given one thought to himself. Or perhaps she saw in his face the Peter of a possible future, when some soft hand—a woman's hand—should have brushed away the dust of his studies, and sent him forth, neat and burnished, to face the world again.

Then Peter, in the silence, looked up also, and his eyes met hers. For a moment they gazed at one another, and for the second time that day Peter Sand's Fellowship became a very small thing. Then the incident was over.

'Well, upon my word!' muttered Barron, who had seen it all. 'Upon my word!'

As I have already hinted, everything came about through the blue coat. Had it not been for that, Miss Pattie would have paid no more attention to Peter than to any other fusty scientist, and Peter would never have been led to observe her eyes. Had it not been for the coat, Barron would not have forgotten the ring, Peter would have had no need to break into a house, the policeman would have had no reasonable cause to

doubt his explanation. Further, but for the coat Miss Pattie would never have given Peter that second glance which moved her sympathy for him, or that third glance which laid bare to her quick eyes his simple, unselfish heart and the possibilities that lay beneath the dust.

The remainder of the story is simplicity itself. When the Fellow reached home that night he sat up to a late hour, calculating what amount annually he would be worth if he lost his Fellowship! When he had settled this question he shook his head in a doubtful way, and took down from a shelf those packets of manuscript which were the beginning of his *Epoch of the Mastodon*. They had been neglected for two years; but from that hour he spent a large proportion of his time in adding to and revising them.

He also developed socially, paying frequent visits to Barron under the plea that it was well to keep sight of an old schoolfellow, and that he was greatly benefited by change of scene. It was observed that after each visit he showed signs of further development in the form of increased activity. In six months he looked as many years younger.

His book went to press, and he visited Barron still more regularly. He had found a friend there, he said, who was greatly interested in it, and who desired to see the proofs. It may be remembered, also, that at the time of its publication a chair of Anthropology was founded at the new Hexminster University.

The *Epoch of the Mastodon* made a great mark in scientific circles, where it is still regarded as a standard work. The most prominent candidate for the chair at Hexminster was the author of that book, a neat and scholarly fellow—they write it Fellow—whom few even of his enemies would have called a fossil. He was elected almost unanimously, and on the next day told his admiring landlady that he had resigned his Lectureship and his Fellowship, that he was now Professor Sand of Hexminster, and that he was about to be married.

He also intimated that, in deference to the wishes of his bride, he had visited his tailor, and had ordered a new coat. It was to be a black one!

#### SONNET.

THE fleeting hours of time flow swiftly on,  
 Ev'n as the current of yon running stream,  
 Which now goes babbling softly, 'mid the gleam  
 Of silver pebbles: soon to rush anon,  
 In ever-growing fury, on its way,  
 Uprooting trees, and bearing from our sight  
 The old landmarks, far out into the night  
 Of the dim past. And we the meanwhile stay  
 Beside it, gazing with reverted eyes  
 On joys departed; or else forward strain,  
 Seeking the unknown future to explore,  
 Heedless that God, behind us and before,  
 Has drawn a screen, through which we gaze in vain.  
 Who fills each hour with good alone is wise.

M. C. C.